THE OWOSSO TIMES WHY ---

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OWOSSO, MICH., JUNE 11, 1920.

MIRAGE IN NEVADA DESERT

Traveler Relates How Two Coyotes Shared His Astonishment at Strange Sight Witnessed.

One morning in a Nevada desert I sat watching a moving mirage show its scenes-picture after picture. Occasionally one to right or left in front of or behind the preceding one. Some were retained in place much longer than others; they were brought closer and shown or reshown farther back.

One scene was of two covered wagons with three or four loose horses. They moved along two dim wheel tracks, round an arroyo and across two or three typical sand drifts. I stared at the scene in astonishment. They stopped as though to camp by the mirage lake. A camp fire appeared. I rubbed my face; I was awake. I saw objects moving about the wagon and the fire.

Two coyotes came trotting along near me. They saw the camp and after a few steps of looking with head to one side they stopped in front of me to watch it. I rose up better to watch them. They had either not seen me or had forgotten my presence in their eager concentration on the camp scene. Another loose horse, as though left behind, came lagging up. The coyotes watched this moving horse; they were seeing what I was seeing. Smoke rose above the camp fire by the wagon, then the picture melted and only the bare desert shimmered before us.-Enos A. Mills, in Saturday Evening Post.

BRING GOOD AND BAD LUCK

Belief in Power of Various Flowers Is Strongly Held in Eastern and Western Lands.

It is good luck to eat the first may flower you see in the spring. If it is a crocus, let it alone; in Austria they say it draws away one's strength. Nor must you dig up a cuckoo flower or tempt luck by moving a wild daisy into the garden. In Egypt the anemone is one of the lucky flowers of spring; wrap the first one in red cloth and, if not disturbed, it will cure disease. On the French coast it is useless to try to catch fish unless the waters are first strewn with flowers by the fishermen's wives and daughters. In Devonshire (England) they regard it as untucky to plant a bed of lilles in the course of twelve months. The Turk sees misfortune in so light a thing as the fall of a rose petal and will sometimes guard against such dropping by carefully picking the flowers before they fall apart. In Samoa the head of a corpse is wreathed in flowers to aid the soul to gain admission into naradise.

NOTICE

Beginning May 28, 1920, all invoices against the City of Owosso chase order and in order to be passed upon by the City Commissioner on Monday night must be presented at the City Clerk's office not later than 3 p. m. on the preceding Friday. Signed

B. K. LUCAS. City Clerk.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

OWOSSO MARKETS.

Always bears

Owosso, Mich., June 11,	1920
GRAINS	- 1
Wheat, white	628
Wheat, red	2 12
Oats	1 100
Rye	2 05
Barley	3 10
Corn	1 65
Beans	7 00
Cloverseed, Alsyke 30.0	0 to 32.00
Cloverseed, June \$30 0	0 to 32.00
Cloverseed, Mammoth \$20 0	

Hay \$22 to \$24.00

DRESSED MEATS	
Proted by Bowers & Me	etzger.
Beef, dressed	15 to 16
Calves, dressed	25-26
Pork dressed	20
Tallow	5
HIDES	
Beef hides. green	20 26
Calf hides	\$10,50
PRODUCE, VEGETABLES. P	RUITS
Butter	60

Potatoes, LIVE POULTRY Quoted by Rundell Bros. Heas, fat..... ter Fat

Eggs....

Collegiate Gowns Differ in Color and Design

Just before the commencement exercises of one of our universities two graduates were standing apart from the crowd of gowned men who were assembled ready to march. The men in gowns were of all grades of distinction from young bachelors of art

to doctors of philosophy. "What is the significance of all those stripes and colors, anyway?" asked one.

"Really, I don't know," was the reply, "and I have seen them every year

for nine years." If college men do not know what the various gowns and hoods stand for the person who is not college bred is likely to know less, and the increase in number of students in our universities make things academic of wider and wider importance.

University gowns are different in different institutions, but all over the country and indeed all over the English-speaking world certain distinctions hold. Most of these fundamental distinctions may be pointed out as follows:

The ordinary bachelor's gown, the first that the college youth owns, is of unadorned black with pointed sleeves and is usually of serge or some other simple black stuff. The master's gown is like it in that it is plain black, but the sleeves are different, being made with long pendants shaped not unlike fishtails and hanging from the elbow nearly to the bottom of the gown. It may be made of silk, as also may be the bachelor's gown. It may be worn by a man of long academic standing who has happened to receive no higher degree; but the ordinary youth would not display himself in silk.

Most doctor's gowns, especially in England and Scotland, have hoods which give them distinction and mark in the difference of color one kind of doctorate from another.

Some years ago a commission was formed to establish a regular system in American universities. Their effort was somewhat successful, and this in general is the result of their attempt to codify the different hoods.

The department of faculty of learning is shown by a trimming of color round the hood, arts and letters are represented by white, theology by scarlet, law by purple, philosophy by blue, science by gold-yellow, fine arts by brown, music by pink, and medicine by green. In some institutions these colors are displayed in bars across the sleeve. This is true at Harvard, where few of the gowns save hoods.-New York Sun and Her-

PLEA FOR THE HOME GARDEN

Why Every Citizen Should Grow His Own Vegetables, If It Is at All Possible.

Food prices are high, but food grown in home gardens costs comparatively little more than before prices began to ascend. The additional reason for home gardening in 1920 is put forward by specialists of the United States department of agriculture. They quote a letter from a New York business man. He wrote:

"Food costs today are practically must be accompanied by a city pur- double those of 1914, but the cost to plant and care for a home garden has not increased to any considerable extent. The clerk, salesman or professional man who grows his own vegetables and small fruits reduces the family food bill. More important still, he increases the total food supply of the country. He enters the producing class. To a very appreciable extent the home gardener can solve the high cost of living."

How can the man who never gar dened learn to garden? One good way is to write to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, or to his state college of agriculture for a bulletin that describes every step in making a back yard or vacant lot help feed his family.

How Wind Spreads Seeds.

If all the seeds carried about by the wind were to find favorable surroundings and grow to maturity, in a surprisingly short time the earth would be overwhelmed with certain forms of plant life. It has been estimated, for instance, that a single frond of a certain fern turns loose to the wind four thousand million spores. Each spore floats with the slightest breeze, and will produce a whole plant if conditions are favorable. These are enough to cover 2,000,000 acres of land. Few of us realize the productivity of the common mushroom. A thousand acres could be covered by the spores of one single fungus.

Why Birds Should Be Protected. Human life on this planet is one nending war with the insect world. n this war the birds are our allies. Vithout their help the insects would vin in a very few campaigns. Wherver bird life is diminished a swarm of insect pests arises at once, which ll man's sprays and powders can arely hold in check. Cut the birds if altogether and it is virtually ceraln that all our protective devices

rould not save our crops. When we kill an insect-eating birdand that includes nine-tenths of all those we know-we are guilty of base folly and baser ingratitude.

How Aute is Displacing Horse. It has been computed that during the past three years the number of farm horses which have been displaced by tractors foots up at 3,740,000.

A CHANGE OF HEART

By CAROLINE LOCKHART

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"I hates kids; I despises kids," said Dad Walker querulously, as he rubbed a clean place on the window-pane and looked at the household goods of Doody, the squawman, going into the log shack across the street. "There's eight of them Doody young uns, if I got the right count on them. They mill round so fast it's like countin' sheep."

"Some folks is all-same pigeons," observed Bacon-Rind Dick, who was mixing baking-powder biscuit in the dish-

"Er Belgian hares, er French Canadians, er field-mice, er-"He's come up off the reservation

to put his kids in school, I reckon." "He furnishes the school and we furnish the teacher. Personally myself," declared Dad, sourly "I don't aim to educate eight Doodys after this year. I've paid school taxes and packed schoolmarms back and forth from the railroad as long as I'm go-

"Still, them Doodys ought to be company for us this winter, with everybody movin' out of the camp."

"Company! I won't have nothin' to do with 'em. I hates half-breeds worse nor p'izen, and I don't want them kids to git in the habit of runnin' over here. They're liable to pick up something."

"That's so," Bacon-Rind replied dry-"They might steal the stove, or the bunk, or that thirty-pound beartrap.

"Makes no diff'runce; and if they start visitin' here, I'll tell 'em where to get off at."

By dwelling upon the Doodys and the manner in which they would overrun him during the winter, Dad became a kind of monomaniac upon the subject, and each morning when he looked through the window-pane he demanded with the same regularity with which some people comment upon the weather:

"Whatever kin a man think of hisself to marry a blanket squaw?" To his surprise, he was not molested

by the Doodys. When the days grew short and the towering mountains surrounding the abandoned copper-camp of Swift Wa-

ter made them even shorter, the long evenings seemed interminable. Bacon-Rind thought wistfully of the Doody family, whose shricks of exuberant laughter frequently penetrated the silence which lay between the two partners, long since talked out.

"These snews ought to have brought the sheep down," he said one day, regarding the white mountains speculatively. "I h'leeve I'll get Billy Upton and take a hunt. I hankers for sheepmeat. You won't be lonesome?"

"Lonesome! Me?" Dad snorted, "I was seven months alone onct, whar' the timber was so thick you had to lay on your back to see the sun." So Bacon-Rind packed his camp out-

fit on a cayuse and started with Billy Upton for the hills,

Bacon-Rind was never had thought of him as anything else; yet he missed his partner uncommonly. He had to admit that,

Late one afternoon he washed a place on the window, lower down, where he could sit and look at the "injun outfit" across the way. He was lonely; he had to admit that, too, and it looked kind of sociable to see the black heads bobbing behind the windows of the log house opposite.

Dad oiled his boots with bear grease and darned his socks; then, when he could think of nothing else to do which would enable him to kill time, he took his ax out to the grindstone, although it was already so sharp he could almost cut hair with it.

"If Bacon-Rind ain't back pretty soon," he said peevishly, "I'll git worse nor the wild man I knowed in Wisconsin, who lived in a holler tree and et a deer at a sittin'."

II.

"Gee, but you're a nawful big man!" Startled, Dad dropped the can and turned to look at the owner of the shrill but friendly voice.

Recovering from the slight embarrassment caused by the steady gaze of pair of black eyes, he replied: "And I'm the runt of the family. Father was twenty-two inches between the eyes, and they fed him with a shovel. What might your name be?"

"Maudie Doody. I got a nawful splinter in my foot, an' ma's washin' and won't take it out, so I runned away." Miss Doody stood like a chicken on a cold day, holding up a bare foot which she had thrust into an old moccasin. "I brung a pin for you to get it out with," she added,

"Do you want to p'izen yourself, usin' pins?" demanded Dad sternly. "Gee, you got awful blue eyes!" ob-

served Miss Doody, quite unmoved. She followed Dad into the house, and, pulling up a chair, thrust her bare foot into his lap. She was so entranced and fascinated by Dad's unconscious grimaces as he pulled at the splinter with a needle that she forgot the pain of it, and said flatteringly when he had

finished: "You don't burt half as much as ma. You don't like to hurt me, nuther, do

"I hates cryin' and yellin'." "You don't like Injune, nuther, "Some Injuns," Dad replied evasive -"good Injuns."

"I'm good. I never talk Injun talk. My brother, he's bad. I got my sleeve tored out fightin' him, 'cause he was bad and talked Injun talk. Can you

"Like a markin'-bird," Dad said grimly.

"What can you sing?" inquired Miss Doody pointedly.

"Well, I can sing 'Whar' the Silver Colorady Wends Its Way,' an' I can sing 'Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee,' an' I can sing 'Away to the Barabooboo-boo,' an' I can sing-"

"Sing 'Baraboo-boo-boo.' " Dad hesitated.

"It ain't hardly a song," he admitted, "It's more like words set to a noise." "Sing 'Baraboo,' " reiterated Miss

Doody. Dad cleared his throat and pitched his voice in a key which both amazed

and delighted his visitor. "Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!" sang Dad lustily. "To the Baraboo, away. away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!

To the Baraboo, away, away!" Almost any disinterested listener would have agreed that Dad had described his song rather well. It sounded like a hungry coyote howling in a

bunch of willows, "Sing it again, and trot me," commanded Miss Doody, sliding from her chair to climb into Dad's lap.

She came the next day after school hours, and the next day, and the day after that, always bursting into the room in a manner which suggested flight; and each time the same dialogue took place between them.

"Sing 'Baraboo.' " "Aw-you don't want to hear 'Bara-

"'Baraboo.' Make a lap. The buttons on your coat hurt my ear. There!" "Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!" "Trot me!"

"To the Baraboo, away, away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!" It was a ravishing song!

III.

"When the snow lays deep like this, and it comes off cold and sets in to blow, I feel like bitin' myself," he muttered Irritably.

It was lonely! Even as Dad groaned, the door of the squawman's house opened, and Maudie Doody, looking over her shoulder like some wild creature, to see if she was observed, stepped into the street.

Dad's heart leaped joyously, but sank again as she turned and began floundering through the snow toward the pole bridge. Yes, she was wading through the

drifts to the pole bridge! She always stopped there on her

way to school to see if that big, black trout was still lying motionless in the pool below.

She reached the bridge and stood on the edge, peering into the water.

Dad reached for his sheepskin coat. In the second that he took his eyes from the swaving little figure on the bridge, it disappeared! His inarticulate cry was like a bellow as he tore open the door and covered the intervening drifts in leaps and bounds,

When Doody, the squawman, and Harrison, from the other side, had reached the bridge, the fcy waters of the pool aiready had closed over Dad's head. The widening circles told where he had sunk, and the tense seconds were minute-long before he rose. His face was livid with the terrible cold-a cold which numbed like a paralytic shock.

"She's ketched to something!" h gasped.

"Come out!" yelled Harrison. For reply, Dad sank once more; and when he rose again a callco skirt was gripped in his stiffened fingers. With the last desperate stroke of which he was capable, he dragged Maudle Doody to the water's edge. The north wind froze his clothes into an icy sheath as, half unconscious, he staggered with the child in his arms to his own cabin.

"It's no use," said Harrison, and he looked at Maudie Doody lying beneath the torn red quilt on Dad's bunk. "She was under too long."

"She's dead!" The squaw cried a little in the corner of her shawl and went home.

Doody and the seven little Doodys followed her, sniffling.

It was hours later that Bacon-Rind approached the cabin, a hind-quarter of sheep-meat upon his back, a beaming smile of anticipation upon his face. Some sound from within caused him to listen.

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo! To the Baraboo-away-away!" Bacon-Rind grinned and scraped his feet on the step.

"He's got lonesome and desp'rit," he thought. "Dad's drunk." "Hi, old man!" he yelled.

The door flew open; and Dad, with a stick of stovewood in one hand and an expression upon his face not unlike that of a she-bear with cubs, towered above him, shouting threateningly as he pointed to the bunk :

"What you comin' in like a cow-ell. for? Can't you see she's asleen?'

Snake's Fascination a Myth.

Those who have had much experience with snakes and have had it their business to observe carefully their habits and ways, both in their natural condition in the wild state and in captivity, state that in no instance have they known a snake to fascinate an animal in the manner in which it is alleged to do. One authority speaks of two species many a time in trees surrounded by a crowd of fluttering. chattering, excited birds, But the birds were not, he says, fascinated by the snake; they were endeavoring to intimidate it in order to frighten it from their baunts.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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